

Fly By

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Summary: A drabbley-drabble thingy in response to the challenge itsanauthorthing put out. I don't know anything about anything so please just bear with me. Uh, not really any romance though...Sorry.

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\* \* \*

><p><strong>I in no way wish to make a profit from this. I do not own How To Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians, any type of cloud, any rock, or a wooden staff. This is purely for educational purposes only. And to contribute to the HiJack Revolution. That's why it's so short and crappy and the ending is hahblahblahblerh. Wrote this literally five minutes after I woke upâ€|uuuuuuugh, zombiiiiiiesâ€|. <strong>

\* \* \*

><p>Jack leaped onto the wind, laughing happily even as he plummeted downward. Easily, he swerved to the right, then tilted himself upwards, grinning as the air blasted his hair away from his face. The ocean beneath him was vast and mirrored the sky's deep blue. The clouds above him floated merrily by like the softest cotton ever seen. And all around him was the beautiful emptiness of the air, completely void of anything to disturb him while flying. It was perfect.<p>

Grinning mischievously, he spun his arms around himself and began to spin. Faster and faster and faster, until he looked like a white-and-brown tornado just spinning in lazy patterns across the sky. He dived while spinning, then stopped and pulled himself out of it before he could sail into the ocean. He laughed merrily as he floated up, a hand moving to hold his head. "Maybe I shouldn't spin

so much." Northern gently blew at his face, chastising him. Jack just chuckled. Once he'd regained his balance, he smirked, then launched himself as fast as he could. Both he and Northern howled with glee at the speed, before proceeding to help each other in completing crazy air acrobatics.

After some time, their energy died down, and Jack decided it would be best to lazily soar by. He settled on top of Northern, and the wind took care of holding him up while Jack would just tilt himself whichever way he wanted to go. He breathed in the cool air, then turned to gaze up at the sun. The glare did not affect him; he could star right at the floating ball of golden without any problems. At first, he had thought this strange, because most other people he saw flinched away when the sunlight was too bright. Later, he'd just figured that it was probably just another ability he had. Like controlling winter or being invisible. The boy huffed out a tiny sigh, then turned over, looking down and expecting to see the ocean.

Instead, he got distracted by a black shape soaring beneath him. His eyes widened, then narrowed, trying to see whatever it was better. Northern spotted it as well, and then gusted Jack downward. The boy was flung face forward into an accidental dive. Gasping, he quickly stumbled out of it, then turned to glare at the air next to him. All he got in response was a few breezes, similar to the sheepish chuckles he himself was famous for. He rolled his blue eyes, but decided to leave it alone. Then he looked back down, happy to see he was close enough to make out what that flying creature was.

It looked like a bird, but had no feathers or beak. It was black as night, and had bat-like wings. Currently, it was just calmly soaring through the air, only making a few safe turns with its wings. Its tail was both brown and black, and on its back was a green blob. Jack blinked, curiosity filling him up to the brim. He loved finding new animals to play with. Maybe this thing was friendly enough and would like to have some fun. Grinning, the eternal winter wonder gusted downwards, easily slipping in front of the flying bird-thing.

He turned around to grin at it, and realized two things; the animal had a face way too similar to a person's, and a person was currently riding the animal. The creature huffed and snorted when it first saw Jack, instinct forcing it to flap its wings hard to try and fly over him. Jack had expected this. What he had not expected, though, was for the person to also squawk in surprise and try and help the creature dodge Jack too. The boy couldn't help but suddenly be winded by the sheer amount of hope coursing through his body. But he had to stay rational. It could've just been instinct. He should just fly away, or stay here and try to speak with the creature and make a new flying friend. Or maybe he cou- "What were you thinking! Just jumping in front of us like that, I-what-Are you insane?! You don't just block people when they're flying and-Oh my scaly dragon hide I just realized you're floating there with nothing to help you fly!"

Jack gulped, raising and turning his head. The animal and rider were now behind him, hovering with big flaps of those bat-like wings. The rider was a boy, who was staring at him in Jack's direction with big green eyes. Or maybe it really was at. Maybe this time, someone would actually stare at him instead of through him. The winter boy turned himself slowly in their direction, also hovering and just staring. "Y-You can see me?" And when the boy nodded,

Jack suddenly felt the inexplicable loneliness of all those years start to dissolve. He felt hopeful, and eager to be a friend of this rider.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Tadaaa, a crappy drabble first-meeting thingamajig. I saw itsanauthorthing's [did I get that correctly?] challenge on their last one-shotdrabble/someone please explain to me all these fanfiction stuff, and decided to take them up on that and start doing this. I'm not too good at this, nor do I even know how to properly upload stuff either, so please bear with me. \*\*

End  
file.